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TRUE LIFE.

I live for those who love me, For those I know are true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too; For the human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned me, For the bright hopes left behind me, And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story, Who've suffered for my sake, To emulate their glory, And follow in their wake—Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages, The noble of all ages, Whose deeds crown history's pages, And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season, By gifted minds foretold, When man shall rule by reason, And not alone by gold—When man to man united, And every wrong thing righted, The whole world shall be lighted, As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion With all that is divine, To feel there is a union, 'Twixt Nature's heart and mine. To profit by affliction, To grow wiser from conviction, And fulfill each grand design.

I live for those who love me, For those who know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too; For the wrong that needs resistance, For the cause that lacks assistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.

Washed Ashore.

"Ay! the sea is moaning to-night, and we'll have a squall before many hours, or the signs will fail for the first in a lifetime."

And the speaker, Robert Hilton, keeper of the lighthouse at Rock Point, gazed anxiously over the troubled waters. Slowly the old man passed up the stairs, to perform the duty of lighting the lamp, whose bright rays, if God so willed, should act as a beacon of safety to the travelers on the stormy deep.

The darkness of night settled gloomily down, and many a heart in the humble cottages of the fishermen prayed for the husbands and sons who might be performing a sailor's duties.

Suddenly the storm burst forth in its wildest fury, and the distant boom of a signal gun told that a ship was in danger.

"God help the souls on board!" was the involuntary cry as the men, with one accord, leaped over the jutting crags and peaks which hemmed in the foaming sea.

Boom! boom! boom! Surely the vessel would be dashed against the rock, for it seemed impossible for any ship—no matter how staunch and trim—to live in such a storm. Fires were quickly kindled along the shore, and the brave-hearted fishermen hastened to see what assistance could be given to those beseeching the aid.

Crash!—and the ship had struck the fatal rock.

Ropes and cables were hastily thrown out by those watching the wreck, hoping that some poor soul struggling in the flood might thus gain a respite from death.

But the waves—foaming and lashing in the fury of the storm—seemed reaping a harvest of souls; for all those who that day had trod the deck of the "Princess Maria," in the glow of health, only one escaped the fate of becoming food for sharks.

"Ho! some one bring a light!" And the sturdy voice of Newton Hill sounded above the roar of the sea. Lights were taken, and at the edge of the foaming breakers, Hill was seen bearing away a body that the waves had washed ashore. Strong hands carried away a dripping form to the nearest cottage, where they found a little child clasped tightly on the dead woman's breast.

"What shall we do, Mother Finley?" asked one woman in waiting.

"Ah! the cruel waves have sent the lady to her last reckoning," moaned the old woman; "but some one unclasp her arms and take the child. God grant we may save one life to-night."

Mothers that had children tucked snugly away in their cribs at home, took the little one carefully away from the death-chilled arms that enfolded it, and then robed the dead body of the stranger for burial on the morrow.

"Who will claim the babe?" asked Grandame Finley, after the child had been kissed and cried over by half a score of women.

"I will, neighbors," answered a voice husky with emotion. "The good Shepherd called home one of our own flock not long since, and this little waif will help fill the vacancy. Won't it wife?"

And he glanced toward a woman sitting in the corner of the room holding the babe in her arms.

"Yes, William, and God deal with us as we do with the life so strangely saved to-night."

Thus it happened that the little waif, flung from the foam on that wild, stormy night, was cherished in the heart and home of William Chilton.

"Any name, Ellen, whereby we may gain knowledge of her parentage?"

asked Mr. Chilton, as they sat in their own cosy room.

"I have only found this one word 'Adrian,' stamped on her garments in a wreath of roses."

"A small clue, but it may bring joy to some troubled heart."

Seventeen years had passed, and Adrian, the little sea-waif had budded into the full bloom of womanhood.

Seated on a rock by the moaning sea, she was gazing dreamily at the tossing waves, as they dashed their spray almost at her feet.

"Oh sea, beautiful sea," she murmured, "thou hast seventeen years to-night since your waves washed the frail life ashore, and in all that time no sign to solve the mystery which envelopes me. Is there not beyond your waters wide some heart mourning for the love which I might give?"

And she clasped her hands appealingly, waving them to the far-off shore. But the sea gave no answer; only bounded on in its untamed freedom.

"Adrian," the voice sounded over the cliffs, but looking up, there stood Wilmot Clyde on the peak above. In a moment he was seated on the rock by her side.

"You look like a sea-nymph, Adrian," he said, "with your white face, glittering hair, and mournful eyes, peering so wistful over the waves."

She glanced up without speaking. "Ah! I see the trouble," he continued. "Why not accept your fate, for the sea will never answer, or solve the mystery you are seeking?"

"Wilmot!" and her voice rang out earnestly, "the sea will answer."

"How can it?" he asked, awed by her tone.

"I don't know how, but my heart tells me that some time on this surf-beaten shore the mystery will be solved."

"But, Adrian, if you would only accept the love I offer you so freely now. Only be willing to lighten my home with your winsome smiles."

"Not yet, Wilmot."

"When shall I hope?" And he clasped one fair little hand a prisoner in his own broad palm.

"When the sea answers. 'Tis seventeen years to-night, and the waves may answer soon," she replied.

"And then?"

"Then I will choose from the two lives offered."

"Be it so, and in the meantime I shall not despair. But there is a storm coming, Adrian. Allow me to conduct you home."

And the two arose and started toward the little village sleeping so cosily and quiet behind the hills. He, handsome as an Adonis—she, a perfect type of womanhood.

Midnight, and again a storm was raging at Rocky Point, such as many of its inhabitants had never witnessed.

Fires were gleaming along the coast, and the signal gun was asking for aid.

"Adrian, for God's sake come back! Your life is too precious to be imperiled here."

"I cannot go," she answered, but her voice was not heard in the din and roar around them.

"You must come."

"I refuse to obey, Wilmot. The ship is doomed to go down, but some life may be spared." And she darted from her lover's grasp.

Half an hour later, she was seen making heroic exertions to rescue a body that the waves were bulleting about.

the father after a pause, glancing fondly at his new-found daughter.

"Yes, though I never knew my name until to-day."

After the happy congratulations were over, Wilmot asked:

"And what is my answer, Adrian? I have waited long."

"It will be yes," she answered, blushing sweetly, "for I have always loved you."

Two years later, and all three were living together in their happy English home.

Vagaries of an Emperor.

His Majesty the Emperor of Burmah appears to be enjoying his Krupp guns with surprising gusto, but he has had the misfortune of losing one of his chief Ministers of State in an untoward manner. A short time ago his Majesty purchased three light field guns. An engineer suggested that these guns might not only be carried about by elephants, but also fired with effect from their backs. The experiment was resolved upon. The Emperor and his chief counselors intently watched the proceedings. The moment the explosion took place however the scene was all confusion. The Monarch of the Golden Foot had to conceal his sacred person under a wagon. The elephant, with the discharged cannon on its back, tore wildly hither and thither, and, amongst others, trod the unlucky Minister of State into a jelly. At last the infuriated elephant rushed down the bazaar, and so left the inhabitants of the palace to themselves. What thought it trampled to death a score of Mandarins or so? That was of little consequence to the Lord of the Seven Umbrellas, when at length he found himself safe. So a royal edict was announced that the faithful subject of his Majesty might at the mischievous brute; and eaten he only was, with curried milk and rice, and plantains, and honey, and sundry secret potations. By all accounts an elephant rump-steak is fine food. The Golden Foot, having heard of this, is said to have successfully tried the dish, and expressed it as his sublime opinion that it was much better than the latest novelty he had attempted, namely, French boiled frog. But his Majesty seems to be a tyro in the art of gastronomy, anyhow, for he thinks truffles are "small frogs." Since he has bought some Krupp guns, his chief amusement is to practice gunnery. Some of his dearest friends and counselors are placed about three-quarters of a mile distant, and have to "look out." The target is an animated one, and his majesty enjoys the spectacle. As the balls from the palace battery ricochet along, the Burmese chiefs dodge about or fall prone, and when the firing becomes hot, take to their heels across the country. Shells, and grape and canister are now rarely tried for his Majesty finds that his counselors are too few to be thus liberally dealt with.

He Had Em.

His chin-whiskers hadn't been trimmed for years, and his pants had a careworn look at the knees, but he was a wide-awake old chap, and when he heard two or three other passengers on the car talking about the late frosts, and asserting that they had never seen anything like such weather for the middle of May, he began:

"Gentlemen, on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell to the depth of fourteen inches in this locality."

They looked at him very much as if they doubted it, when he rose up, pulled a paper from his pocket and read:

"State of Michigan, County of Wayne—
—vs: Personally appeared before me Peter Clark, who being sworn, deposes and says that on the 16th day of May, 1827, snow fell in this locality to the depth of fourteen inches, so help him God. John Doe, Notary Public."

He folded and replaced the document, and looking around him with pity and contempt depleted on his face, he remarked:

"I'd rather let the weather alone, or I'd swear to it."

They let it alone.

He Was Correct.

"Broke down, did you?" queried a Gratiot avenue wagonmaker yesterday, as a farmer's team hitched to the front wheels of a wagon halted at his door.

"Mashed by the cars," was the brief reply.

"Train struck you, eh?"

"Well, kinder. I had on a load of fence-posts, and when I reached the crossing the train was right at hand. I put the whip on to Sarah, and I give Bill a yank of the lines, and then I figured on my chances. I'm a whole four-hoss team on mental arithmetic. I am, and I wa'n't a minute calculating that that air locomotive would strike the off hind wheel of my wagon. Bill reared up, Sarah shied, and the engine tooted over four hundred times a minute, but I had them figgers right down fine."

"The engine ran into your wagon, did it?"

"Of course it did—struck that hind wheel exactly as I calculated, lifted me just as high as I calculated, landed them horses and fence posts where I calculated, and now I calculate that you want about \$20 to repair the busts on this vehicle."

He was right on that, too. Nothing like arithmetic.

Was She Saved?

"So you want to hear my story about that girl," said the sergeant, who is one of the oldest and best educated officers in the department. "I've promised to tell it to you, and as this is my day off, we'll step around the corner and talk over a glass of beer. It's a story I don't care to tell every body, for it happened years ago, when I was young, passionate, and I may say very foolish, too. When I look back and think what happened then, I don't know whether to laugh or feel sad, and although I generally begin by laughing at myself, I almost always wind up by sniveling to myself at the finish. I was a raw lad, fresh from the country, and just been appointed on the force. I won't tell you what premet I was in when it happened, but at that time the fashionable part of the city was, comparatively speaking, down town, and the street I had for a regular post was near hand to where a freight depot is now. It was all private houses then. There were many boarding houses of the better class in it, and I soon knew their inmates by appearance. So that in the morning, when on post, I could say to myself, 'There goes that young clerk out of No. 32, and he meets that young lady from No. 21 around the corner and takes her under his umbrella, if it's raining.' There wasn't a bit of flirtation or courtship going in the street with which I was not perfectly familiar, and the young folks knew it, too, for the girls would smile and say, 'Good morning, officer,' as they passed by, and the young fellows gave me an occasional cigar as they came home from work."

"Now, I was on post one morning, when the servant girl of No. 41 came rushing out, and says: 'Now's your time to do me a favor. I've lost Miss Thorpe's canary bird, and the poor girl is crying her eyes out.' I looked up, and there was the canary perched on the edge of the roof. The hall-door opened, and a young girl about eighteen years old came out on the stoop. She was not what you would call handsome, I suppose, but I never saw such a beautiful woman before, or such wonderful eyes of bluish-gray. 'Oh! Mary,' said she, 'did you get my bird?' 'He's up on the roof, Miss Annie,' said Mary, and the officer will catch him for you.' She smiled, saying, 'If you would be so kind, sir, and just then I would have chased that bird all over New York until I caught him for her. You would have laughed to see me with the empty cage in one hand, and a hard boiled egg in the other, chattering for that bird to come back into captivity. I was in luck, and he did. She thanked me ever so kindly, and wanted to know in what way she could recompense me for my trouble. I answered I didn't know of any beyond her thanks, and went out, leaving her laughing over her pet. The next day she came along, and stopping me on the street, said: 'Will you wear these mittens as a little present from me?' and handed me a pair of elegant mittens with the initials of my name worked on them in silk. I guess she got the initials from the servant-girl."

"It got to be so at last that I looked for her coming and going every day, and I walked through the street with her. God bless me, she soon knew as much about my old mother, and the little farm in Vermont, where I was born, as I did myself; and she told me of her own folks, poor people, who had enough to do to live themselves, down in Pennsylvania. She was saving up her little earnings to send to them, and one evening told me joyfully that she had \$10 put by, and was ever so rich. I told her that I was saving every cent I could, all owing to her example. She looked up at me surprised, but not displeased, and I felt her arm press closer over mine. I was very happy then."

"One evening I met her coming home leaning on a man's arm. I didn't like his looks, and I never forgot his face. She blushed a little as she passed by, but said 'Good evening.' When I asked her who he was, she told me that I was a great goose to be jealous, that the gentleman was one of her employers. If I had known then what I knew afterwards, I would have acted different. I got a note one morning, and when I read it, my heart turned cold in me. It was from her, saying that she had gone away forever, and asking me to forget her. I couldn't do that. Each face I saw in the street reminded me of her, and at night I searched for her in the theatres and everywhere. I got pale and thin, and the men in the station-house wondered what was the matter with me. I could not bear to walk in the old street, and got transferred up town. There, at last, I met her."

"It was two years after, and on a bitter, rainy night in January. I came to the end of my post, and was standing a couple of doors from the corner of the avenue, when I heard a woman scream. She ran round the corner in the gaslight. It was my own girl, my own Annie, but so changed! There was blood on her face where scoundrel hands had struck her. I tried to stop her, but she darted away from me, and passed on into the darkness of the night. The next morning I was round the corner and stood face to face with him. I would have murdered him that night, the same as he murdered her. When my side-partner came running up, he was lying on the sidewalk, with his face covered in and I was standing over him, with my club raised up in my hand."

"What became of her? Well, I'll tell

you. The cruel blows that villain gave dazed her, and she wandered off to find a friendly shelter. When she lived in our quiet street she had a poor colored woman who did her washing and loved her like a child. How she got there I don't know, but she did, and when old John the whitewasher, opened the door of the miserable rooms where he and his wife lived, she fell fainting on the floor. Those good people; God bless them, did all they could for her. That night she became calm and tranquil, and old John said to his wife, 'Lize, de lamb is better.' But when Lize looked in the pale face she knew that the call of the Mighty Master had come, and told her husband to run for the minister."

"The nearest minister was a man whom I will call Mr. Passover. He had a large and wealthy congregation, and there was a dinner party at his house that night. He waited until his dinner party was over, and then took his time about coming. My poor girl was growing weaker and weaker, and at last feebly put her hand in that of the old colored woman. She smiled and said, 'I wonder, Aunt Liza, if life will forgive me?' Old Aunt Liza held her up in her arms and said: 'Sure, honey. Oh! John dear, I see de glory shinin' in her face.' There was a step on the stairs—that of the Reverend Mr. Passover. He had come too late, for, supported by those trustful, loving hands, my poor darling had past into eternal rest. Uncle John was on his knees praying, and when the minister opened the door he heard old John say: 'I am de resurrection and de life, and, as dar son, now gone down, shall to-morrow rise in de east, and light de world, so, after de night ob de grave, de soul ob de just shall rise, and shine in de new day dat shall neiber end. Amen!'"

The sergeant took a small case from his breast pocket and handed it to me. It was the miniature of a young girl, and twined beneath it was some bright golden hair. When I handed it back I noticed the sergeant pass his handkerchief over his eyes. They were not unmanly tears, and I honored him for them.

A Man Who Never Told a Lie.

Yesterday afternoon an old oil-man, with crude petroleum dripping from his clothes and legs inclined in high boots, entered the Derrick office and said:

"Want an item? I've got the biggest item you ever heard tell of. I struck an oil well on my lease Monday, an' she flowed a stream of oil 100 feet high straight up for half-an-hour. 'Then she kinder died down. One of my drillers was standing over the hole, when she suddenly spurted up again, and if it didn't take that driller right up with it, 'The stream was a powerful one you see, an' he went up a hundred feet. You've seen those little balls as dance about on the top of those little spurtin' fountains such as they have in the cities? Yes, wail that's the way this erething acted, an' there's that air driller right up on top of that hundred-foot column of cranle ice, an' he's dancin' about like chaff in a fannin' mill. What do you think of that?"

"How long has he been up there?"

"About four days and four nights."

"He must be very hungry by this time. Doesn't he come down to get something to eat?"

"Why, we 'uns just put a plate of hash in this stream of oil, and it takes it up to him, you see. An' it's mighty handy, as he finds his vittals already greased, an' he doesn't need butter."

His face was as innocent of deceit as a piece of tanned leather, and when he asked to have his name put down as a deadbeat subscriber for information he had given, we didn't have the heart to hurt his feelings by refusing.

A Fatal Carouse.

There are evidently medical students in Berlin who are as great idiots as our Princeton students. A few days ago, says the Burgerzeitung, a candidate who had just finished his studies and was about to begin practice, invited a number of his colleagues to a festive evening. The hero of the solemnity devoted himself with such energy to Gambrinus that he found it far more easy to sing than to speak, and tumbled home in uproarious excitement. When he arrived at his lodgings, he threw up his window and leaned out in order to breathe the cold winter air, and to expel his burning Bacchic heat. After a short time he was struck with a violent prickling and smarting in the eyes. He closed the window and went to bed. When he awoke the next morning he found the room in darkness and concluded that it must still be night. He tried in vain to fall asleep again. After a while the landlady knocked at his door and asked if he were ill, as he was lying so late in bed.

"What do you mean?" asked he. "I shall get up as soon as it is light."

"Sir," explained the woman, "it has been clear daylight these two hours."

"O!" cried he, with a mighty oath, "is it possible that I became blind last night?"

His surmise was true. He had lost the power of vision while trying to chill himself into sobriety at the open window. This frightful discovery so wrought upon the young doctor that he fell into a violent fever, which carried him off in the following week.

Mrs. Pamela Brown, widow of the late Major General Jacob Brown, died on Sunday, May 12, at Rye, N. Y., aged 93 years.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Luxuries, not necessities, bring poverty and ruin.

When you get sick it comes easy to promise all sorts of reformation, and when you recover it is just as easy to forget them.

It is not strange that a little silver dust should blind our eyes and divert them from beholding Him who is altogether lovely.

It is never permissible to degrade the human soul for the advantage of others, nor to make a villain for the service of honorable people.

The devil, on the last day, shall rise against us in condemnation, for he has been more careful to get souls than we were to save them.

Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it, we shall advance in it; and the further on we go, the more we have to come back.

We part more easily with what we possess, than with our expectations of what we wish for; because expectation always goes beyond enjoyment.

The Christian who has put aside religion because he is in worldly company, is like a man who has put off his shoes because he is walking among thorns.

Virtue and vice are so near each other that they may be likened to a coat, the one being the outside, the other the in. Turn your coat and there you are.

The disposition to give a cup of cold water to a disciple is a far nobler property than the finest intellect. Satan has a fine intellect, but not the image of God.

Charles V. used to say the more languages a man knew, he was so many times more a man. Each new form of human speech introduces a new world of thought and life.

Conscience is the magnetic needle which is given to us to direct our course. Worldly wisdom, like a spy-glass, may show breakers ahead, but cannot guide us across the ocean.

Good service is prompt service. It ceases to be a favor when he upon whom the service is conferred has lost in patience and hope deferred what he might have bestowed in love and gratitude.

He that is much in prayer shall grow rich in grace. He shall thrive and increase most that is busiest in this, which is our very traffic in heaven and fetters the most precious commodities thence.

If a man would become innocent he must become obedient. Some individuals profess to give themselves to the Lord, but not to the brethren. We should spend for the brethren as well as for God.

There is nothing to be esteemed more than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a man who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets, and a

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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A WAY-SIDE MEMORY

Under the willow fringes
Of the willow-boughs that swung
A-glitter in the sunshine,
With the frozen jewels strung,
With the smouldering fire of opals,
Of pearl and chrysoprase,
And the twinkling diamond drops that set,<
The frosty morn ablaze:

Under the swaying willows,
Where the tall green rushes sprang,
The wayside spring of my childhood
Bubbled and laughed and sang—
Bubbled and rippled over,
As the breeze came and went,
And dimpled all day with the sunshine
With a gurgle of glad content!

Through a chink in a mossy boulder
Its living waters purled,
With inarticulate whispers
Of the wonderful under-world;
The tall ferns nodded wily
With every breeze that came,
The brown reeds bent to listen,
With all their heads together!

Under the wintry star-light,
And under the summer noon,
By countless silvery bubbles
Which set to the self same tune?
The rushes on its margin
Were the greenest that ever grew—
And moss and brake, for its sweet sake,
Were golden through and through!

When the skies were gray with tempest,
And the landscape bleak and bare,
It seemed like a joyous presence
In the midst of grief and care;
Like a choir of happy creatures
No cloud could overcast,
In joy or pain, in sun or rain,
Contented to the last!

How She Cured Johnny.

"My!"
That was all Mrs. Pray said. She just stood at the back door, held up her hands, and said "My!" If her Johnny wasn't a pretty sight! He was dripping all over from head to foot.

"There!" exclaimed Mrs. Pray; "if this isn't discouraging! Why, Johnny, what do you go into the water for? See! I should think you had been soaking in a mud-puddle a fortnight. Sit down near the door, and let me take your things off."

Young Johnny sat down, looking sheepish as any culprit in the land. He knew he could say nothing for himself, and so he kept still.

"Just feel your stockings! Sopping wet, I declare! Now I must get the clean ones out of the drawer that I have been saving for Sunday. Johnny, now look at me! Look right into my eyes!"

Johnny lifted his big brown eyes to his mother's face.

"Now, tell me, do you think it's right to plague me so? This is the third time in two weeks that you have come home in this plight. Is it right?"

Johnny's bright brown eyes dropped like stars below the horizon. "No," he murmured. "I know 'ain't."

"Well, what did you do it for? Now, Johnny, look here! This way, right in my face!" Johnny did wish his mother wouldn't keep inviting him to look into her face. He had much rather look over toward the wall, and see if he couldn't spy some chink through which he could squeeze and so make off. But no, his mother wanted him to look at her. "Look up into my face, Johnny!"

And up above the horizon came the bright stars again.

"Johnny, do you know how much trouble this makes me? I wanted to go to the afternoon service at the church, but I can't now. I wanted afterwards to do some shopping, but I can't do that, for I must wash out your clothes. I wanted to make some blanc mange for old Mrs. Moffitt—and—Johnny, it is too bad! When will you stop? Here, this way, and look into my face!"

"Wish mother wouldn't," thought Johnny.

"Let me look at your feet!" she said, suddenly, and she pounced on those offending members. "I want to see if your toes are not webbed, for you do like the water about as well as any duck I ever saw."

"I ain't a duck," sobbed Johnny, and yet at the same time inclined to laugh.

"We," said Mrs. Pray, getting up from her knees. "I think you were intended for a duck, for why do you like to wade so?"

Johnny? She loved him dearly; but Johnny couldn't be allowed to go on in this way, thoughtlessly making so much trouble.

"I've got it!" said Mrs. Pray, at the tub; and at the same time she brought her piece of soap energetically down on the disgraced pants she was rubbing.

"I'll fix that boy to-morrow."

The morning came.

It was just after dinner. Johnny wanted to find his mother. He had a good deal of business on hand. He wanted to go to the village with his mother to buy a Noah's ark. He wanted her to mend his cap. He wanted her to bake him some ginger-bread, and he wanted—oh, a lot of things. But where was mother? "James, have you seen mother?" James was cutting wood back of the barn. He was the hired man. He let his axe rest on the block and looked up.

"Yes, I have seen her. She went down in the meadow a little while ago and she said you would find her there wading!"

"Down in the meadow wading?" asked Johnny.

"That's what she said, and that's all I know about it," James took up his axe and began splitting again.

Johnny hurried down to the meadow and it was even so; mother was wading! Wading, too, as if she had been used to it all her life; as if her feet had been webbed like a duck's.

"Why, mother, what are you wading for?"

"What for, Johnny? Oh, I wanted to have a good time."

"But a woman wading, mother!"

"Well, I don't see why women can't have a good time wading as well as boys."

Johnny was somewhat mortified to see his mother wading, and a good deal mortified when he saw Charlie Burt coming across the next field to meet him. "O, mother, don't! There's Charlie Burt coming!"

"Charlie Burt!" and Johnny's mother looked coolly up. "Well, it won't hurt him to see women wading any more than boys."

To add to Johnny's distress, just then his mother fell. Whether she stumbled into that unlucky ditch I can't say; but I doubt if there was any gash in the meadow at that point, and it looked like a skilful or unskilful manoeuvre on Mrs. Tracy's part. Over she went, wetting her clothes very thoroughly.

"O mother, mother, I'm—m—" Johnny was in distress.

But Mrs. Pray leisurely picked herself and came ashore. "Now I guess we'll go home." And she walked toward the house.

Johnny was dumfounded. What did mother mean?

Arriving at the house she said, "There, Johnny, I shall have to go upstairs and stay there this afternoon. I feel rather tired. You might pick up these things," and dropping her shawl and bonnet, "and give them to Nancy."

She was going out of the room, but suddenly stopped. "O, Johnny, I want you to stay and keep house this afternoon. If I am wanted tell people your mother wanted to have a good time wading, and fell into the water, and—"

"And—" The rest Johnny couldn't hear, for she was now slowly climbing the stairs.

"Well," said Johnny, to himself, "this is rather a bad job for me. I wanted to go with mother to buy a Noah's ark, and I wanted her to make some ginger-bread, and—the fact is, I didn't know how to go. Wading would make so much trouble for him. Nancy, the hired girl, put supper on the table by and-by, and told Johnny that his mother wanted him to bring her up a cup of ginger tea."

Ginger tea! What for? He took it up stairs and found his mother in bed.

"Mother, are you sick?"

"No, but when you have been wading you know there is danger of taking cold, and I worry about you, and I thought I would be on the safe side and prevent sickness."

Mother sick! How Johnny worried that night. He was as miserable as any mother-loving boy could be, and was relieved to hear her stirring at dawn, and singing, "Up in the morning early." She did not say anything to him on the subject of ponds, but it was the last time Johnny went wading, and he won't be so likely also to cut up some other kind of thoughtless mischief that makes lots of fun for him, but a deal of trouble for his mother.

The Indian Squaw.

There is nothing romantic about the Indian squaw of real life, however she may shine in romance and poetry. They eat a great deal of food, if they can get it, and are not fastidious. Some time since, while at Winona, I was leisurely walking down the street to pass away the time when my attention was attracted by an Indian squaw and her papoose. Prompted by curiosity, I watched her movements, and as she entered a store, followed. Imagine my surprise to see her purchase half a pound of rancid butter, and forthwith proceed to eat it, eating it clear and using her fingers in lieu of knife or spoon.

Now and then she would give a dainty hand to the "papposibus," who ate most greedily. Indeed, they seem to relish it as heartily as an Esquimaux would his whale blubber. Considering the warm weather, the consumption of so large an amount of oleaginous matter seemed quite unnecessary to keep the lamp of life in burning order.

Popular opinion is the greatest lie in the world.

Some one has observed that the mode of feeding is a great mark of a nation's culture. When it is understood that the Turks use neither knives nor forks, many would at once rank them with utter barbarians, but this would scarcely be just. Although food of all kinds, excepting food is carried to the mouth without any instruments but those which nature has supplied, still in other respects Turkish meals are conducted in a mode both cleanly and decent. A Turk, on rising from his bed, (which consists of mattresses laid on the floor and afterwards rolled up in a cupboard) indulges in a pipe and a tiny cup of black coffee. He does not eat until about eleven o'clock, when a very substantial breakfast is brought him, consisting of soup, bread, cheese, and a plate of hashed meat mixed with vegetables. This meal serves him till dinner, which is eaten about seven in the evening, and is substantial and well cooked. When dinner is announced a servant brings a metal ewer or basin, and pours water over the hands of the guests, presenting a towel, often prettily embroidered. A low sofa, or table, is then brought in, and upon this is placed a metal tray, on which are put spoons and pieces of bread. The first dish is a basin of soup, and each person dips his spoon in it, eating from what may be termed the soup tureen. After this comes perhaps fish, and then hashed meat and vegetables, then fowl, cooked so as to render its division easy. According to the wealth of the master of the house is the length of the feast, but in very moderate Turkish houses the dinners are somewhat elaborate, and always and more national than of England, and as common as the macaroni of Naples.

No wine is drunk during or after the repast; but on State occasions, for example during the feast of Ramadan, some very delicious sherbets are handed round. The gaily dressed of the Turks often afford examples of sweets and pastry that would not disgrace a French or an Italian confectioner, so that in matters of cooking, if not of eating, the Turks may be acquitted of barbarism. We must not forget to add that at the close of the dinner the servant comes around again with soap, water and towels, the soap being often warmed and scented. Coffee and pipes follow the dinner, with conversation, and the guests seem not unhappy but nervously dull during the joyless evenings passed without the gentle and refining influence of the best part of creation.

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An Old Man's Melancholy.

We were impressed not long since with a brief experience of a good old man who was slightly intoxicated for one night only, as related by himself.

"I went home angry and ashamed," he said, "and half gone with horror in anticipation of what my wife Sarah would say about it. I took off my shoes and hung them on the gate post in the excess of my caution and timidity. I got into the house with marvelous dexterity, and into the bed-room without making the slightest noise. Sarah always slept in front. The foot-board was unusually high, and I was never much of a gymnast, but my success thus far had impressed me so that I felt equal to almost anything."

His sadness was such that his hearers were sad, too, and one young person was so much agitated at his long pause and his deep sighs that he burst forth, "I see how it is; you probably fell and broke your neck."

"No, my young friend," replied the old man, "it wasn't that. I climbed that foot-board slowly, painfully, and with the utmost caution and secrecy. You have heard, perhaps, how excessively large and threatening every noise is in the stillness of a dark night, particularly when you are trying to keep still yourself and occasionally straining your ears in fear of some sound that is nevertheless expected and pretty sure to come. That was what ailed me. My heart beat like a drum, and the clock in the room ticked as if it would have liked to arouse the entire neighborhood. I got safely down into that bed and under the clothes. I laughed to myself till the bed shook. My fear had given place to an unnatural hilarity. I grinned and chuckled and was exceedingly absurd. I can never think of that time without shuddering and wishing that somebody would hand me a sponge whereby to wipe it out. It struck me suddenly that Sarah was unaccountably still. I put my hand over to her side of the bed, and, merciful heavens!"

"Was she dead?" inquired the young person, his jaw falling and his eyes staring out with intense anxiety.

"No, young fellow," replied the good old man, "she was not there. She had gone to a neighbor's to pass the night, and, insufferable idiot that I was, I had forgotten all about it." He bowed his head in his trembling hands, and the tears trickled through his fingers, and ran down his long gray beard.

An Old-time Heroine.

Forty years ago I went with my father to Fitchburg, Mass., where he preached on Sabbath. On Sabbath evening he lectured in the adjoining town of Townsend. The mother of our host was a hale, hearty, cheerful old lady, an eye still bright and a heart still warm and welcoming; and after the lecture as we sat around the cheerful old fire-place, she entertained us with some of her reminiscences of the Revolution. One of her experiences I will remember. I will repeat it as nearly as I can remember it, in her own words. "It was in the month of May, seventy-six," the old lady began. "The British had been driven from Boston, and were making ready for an attack down York way. Late one afternoon—I was fifteen years old then, an officer of the Continental army arrived in Townsend with word that fifteen soldiers were wanted from our town. Our training band was called out that very evening, and my brother, next oldest to me was among the number selected. He did not get home till late at night. On the next morning when I arose, I found my mother with red eyes and tears on her cheeks. She told me that my brother John was to join the army and that he was to be ready to march on the morning at sunrise, of the day after the morrow."

"My father was in Boston, in the Massachusetts Assembly, and we had no time to communicate with him. Mother felt very badly to have John go away without sufficient clothing. He had garments fit for summer wear at home; but if he went away he must go several months, and he would suffer for the want of warm clothing. There was something electric in mother's fearful anxiety. It gave me great and sudden strength. I asked her what garments he most needed."

"If he had a good pair of pantaloons," she said, "I could easily fix the rest from father's stock."

"You must understand that we had no stores in the country at this time, and such articles as I speak of each family was obliged to produce for itself. Yet I resolved that John should have his pantaloons, and I told mother we would spin and weave and make him a pair before he went."

"Mercy, child! the only wool we own is on the sheep's back."

"Never mind," said I, "we'll quickly have some of it off."

"Poor child!" she went on, "you don't know what you are talking about."

"At this point I turned to my younger brother, and told him to take the salt-dish and go and call the sheep into the yard. And then mother went on to tell me that our sheep-shears were lent, and that there was a web of flax in our loom."

"All right," said I. "My own shears will clip wool enough, and for a loom, I know we can find an empty one somewhere."

"As soon as the sheep were in the yard, I went out, taking my little sister with me. Abel caught one of the best of the white sheep and I sheared off enough of the wool selecting the clean-

est and fairest for half my web. Then we caught a black sheep, and I took the rest of my web from that. While my brother and I had been shearing, my sister had been running with bits of wool to the house where my mother had been picking and cleansing. When I came in I found the cards and wheels ready. The wool was carded and mother and I spun it. Abel had meanwhile obtained an empty loom at a neighbor's, and on the evening of that day I had my warp set, and was ready for weaving. Of course there was no sleep for me that night. I had no thought of sleep."

"My shuttle flew as I think it never flew before. By sunrise my cloth was woven; and as the yarn had been washed, sixed and dried before it was put upon the loom, it took but a short time to full the cloth sufficiently for our use; but of course the fulling and dressing had to be done. And we did it. That cloth was upon the table with the paper pattern on it the latter part of the afternoon."

"I had caught a little sleep during the day while the cloth was drying so that when evening came I was ready for another night's work. We cut out the garment and mother and I made it, sewing it strong and sure, and putting extra pockets beside—and we had it done three hours before the sun was up. 'So that,' continued the good old lady, 'in just forty hours we had taken wool from the backs of the sheep and made it into a pair of good serviceable pantaloons. I felt no weariness—I shed not a tear over my work—for I was laboring for my dear country and for my darling brother. But when that garment was in my brother's knapsack, and his back was turned upon us, I went to my chamber and wept till my overcharged heart was relieved."

And the aged matron's eyes were swimming as she closed her story. And when she told us that same brother was one of Stark's soldiers, we did not wonder that Burgoyne found serious impediment to his boastful plan of marching through the heart of the American Colonies.

A Clerk's Story.

"When I used to tend store the old man came around one day, and says, 'Boys, the one who sells the most between now and Christmas gets a vest pattern as a present.' May be we did not work for the vest pattern. I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods about that time; but the tallest, and the one who had the most check of any of us, was a certain Josiah Guire, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man only intended to spend a sixpence; and the woman—they just handed over their pocket-books to him, and let him lay out what he liked for them. One night Josiah woke me up with, 'By Jove, old fellow, if you think that ere's got cotton in, I'll bring down the sheep that was cut from, and make him own his own wool. 'Twon't wear out, either; wore a pair of that stuff for five years, and they are as good as when I first put them on. Take it at 30 cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh—too dear? Well call it 25 cents. What'd'ye say? All right. It's a bargain.' I could feel Josiah's hands playing about the bedclothes for an instant; then rip, tear, went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and perfectly sure that Josiah had torn the best sheet from top to bottom. When I awoke the next morning I found the back of my night shirt split from the bottom to the collar-band."

Ravens as Detectives.

A gentleman who had been robbed by his servant forgave him on condition that he would promise to abandon his bad habits. This promise he so far kept, and conducted himself steadily as to accumulate enough money to enable him to marry, and to keep an inn on a much-frequented road. About twenty years after, the gentleman traveling that way, came to lodge with his old servant, whom he did not recollect until the man came forward, made himself known, and expressed how gratified and happy he was in again waiting upon him. He gave him the most handsome room and the best fare; but the night had no sooner set in than this perfidious wretch, after so much show of attachment, stabbed his old master with a dagger, threw his body into a cart, and carried it to the river back of the house.

In order to avoid discovery, and to prevent the body from rising to the surface of the water, he pierced the corpse with a long stake sharpened at one end, which he so far pushed into the mud that only a very small portion of the stake was visible. A few days after, some ravens arrived from all directions and crowded to the spot. Their increasing cawing, altogether unusual at the place, led the inhabitants to fancy a thousand foolish things. The pertinacity of the birds was such also that it was useless to attempt to drive them away. This increased their excited curiosity so much that the stake was at length with difficulty drawn out, which was no sooner done than the body rose to the surface of the water. Inquiries were then made to discover the murderer, and wheelmarks of the cart having been traced to the back of the inn, the master was taken up on suspicion, and confessed his crime.

Gratitude preserves old friendship and procures new.

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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The strongest friendships I have ever noticed, have been between those who thought differently but acted alike.

The manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.

Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tile.

Human experience, like the storm lights of a ship at sea, too often illuminates only the path we have passed over.

Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the ash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

Obscurity and innocence; twin sisters, escape temptations which would pierce their gossamer armor in contact with the world.

No man can be brave who considers pain to be the greatest evil of life; nor temperate, who considers pleasure to be the highest good.

Solon being asked why, among his laws, there was none against personal affronts, answered that he could not believe the world so fantastical as to regard them.

The number of innocent young girls who marry men, believing they may break them of their bad habits, and tug them off to church twice every Sunday, does not

Jacksonville

Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

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WHAT THE WIND WHISPERS.

A wind blew out of the west last night
As I was lying asleep,
Sleeping and dreaming dreams so bright,
Filling my soul with heavenly light,
Seeing my love in spirit sight,
Though I was lying asleep.

It came this wind and whispered to me,
And whispered into my heart,
"Matters not, love, wherever you be,
Living on land, or tossed on the sea,
Always beloved and trusted by me."
It sang into my heart.

It sang all night, and it ever sings,
More sweet than nightingale's song,
Thoughts of the past it magic-like brings—
Magic, that round me ivy-like clings,
Fondling the heart it cruelly wrings,
Yet sweeter than any song.

O, stay with me, sweet breath of my love,
And whisper and sing to me,
Words as soft as the coo of the dove,
Words as sweet as words from above,
Words that Time, some time will prove,
O, whisper and sing to me!

The Two Franks.

"Dot, Dot, I say! Oh, confound it!
Where's the Dot?"

"Here I am, Phil!" answered a
sweet voice. You promised me you
would not say, "Confound it!"

"Well, I didn't mean to. I want you
to write me a letter, Dot."

"Why don't you write it yourself?"

"I can't write well enough. It's to a
girl, you know. It's an apology, and
I want you to get it up stunning!"

"Oh, indeed?" said Dot, laughing,
"Which is it—Lulu Forest or Flora
Carr?"

"You don't think it's one of them?"
cried Phil, indignantly. "It's Frank
Dean!"

Dora Leeson started, and grew white.

"Oh, no, your Frank!" cried Phil.

"Your Frank is his uncle."

"Dot's cheeks turned hot now; the
pretty black eyes flashed; she drew
herself up with dignity.

"If you say such things, Phil, I'll
never write your letter for you. My
Frank, indeed! You ought to be
ashamed of yourself, sir!"

Master Phil gave a long, shrill whistle.

"It's wicked to tell lies, Dot. You
said there hadn't been any muss be-
tween you and I, and I know there has.
Such a jolly fellow as he is, too. If I
were a girl, I wouldn't marry any man
but Frank Dean."

Dot tossed her head again; then she
sighed.

"I thought you wanted me to write a
letter for you?"

"Well, I do. I want you to write to
the prettiest paper you have, too.
That pink sheet, I guess. Have you a
redder one?"

Dot shook her head, spread out the
pink sheet, and sat, pen in hand.

"What shall I write, Phil? I can't
sit here all day."

Phil fidgeted about, first on one foot,
then on the other, and at last produced
an extremely dirty, scrawled-over
piece of paper. It looked like a fly-leaf
out of his third reader.

"You see, Dot, I thought I'd write it
myself. But I got afraid of the spelling,
and it's some dirty business."

"I should think it was," said Dot,
laughing once more, as she took the
grimy, crumpled scrap in her hand.

"Do you want me to copy this?"

"Well, yes," said Phil, hesitatingly;
"you might as well. You see, she
called me stingy because I wouldn't
lend her my sled; and I told her I
wished she was a boy, and I'd slip her
face for her. And then she got mad,
and she told Willy Bend she wouldn't
ask me to her party, and she let Tom
Oldshaw take her home on his sled."

"Oh, indeed?" said Dot; and set to
work mechanically to copy Phil's letter.

She was thinking all the time of a
party in which she was interested, and
which was to have come off very soon—
a wedding party. But it would never
be now. She and Frank Dean—her
Frank, as Phil called him—had quar-
reled and broken their engagement,
and for a much sillier trifle than Phil
and his Frank.

Oh, how she wished she could send
such a letter to him as Phil was send-
ing to his sweetheart!

Phil chattered on, all the time she
was writing; but she did not answer
him. And he looked over her shoulder,
commenting and suggesting alterations,
and made her blot the paper, till she
had to take a new sheet twice. But
she worked on patiently.

A very amiable girl was Miss Dot,
in the main, and very fond of her brother
Phil.

"I say, Dot," remarked Master Phil,
as she was folding and addressing her
letter, completed at last. "I don't
know another fellow at our school who
has got such a sister as you. You're
always doing things for me; and Willy
Bend's and Tom Oldshaw's are cross as
two sticks to them. I don't see how
you could row with any one, let alone
Mr. Frank."

"You shouldn't say row, Phil," said
Dot.

But she looked the other way, as she
gave him his completed letter; and
Master Phil, who had sharp eyes, saw
she was crying, and stood still with his
letter in his hand.

Dot was always doing things for him.
Why couldn't he ever do anything for
her?

"Run away, Phil, with your letter,"
said Dot.

Phil went out of the room slowly.

A Wonderful Escape.

In the Autumn of 1833 Capt. Gilman
Appley, of Connecticut, Ohio, was Cap-
tain and part owner of the schooner
New-England. A steam-boat was
then being built at Connetquot, (the
North America), of which Capt. Appley
had charge, and was for many years
master. An aunt of his, then residing
at Black Rock, below Buffalo, was at
Black Rock, and was a brother's
wife. The lady went to Connetquot in
company with a nephew to visit her brother
there. After remaining for some time
she became exceedingly anxious to get
home. Capt. Appley, who was busy
with the steam-boat, endeavored to dis-
suade his aunt from taking the home
journey until he should be going out
with his vessel, when he would take
her home. His efforts in that direction,
however, were unavailing, and he had
her taken on board the schooner to go
to Buffalo in charge of the crew. The
vessel being light, and the time of the
year August, the Captain had entire
confidence in the ability of the crew to
manage the craft and land his relative
safe at her destination. Everything
passed off quietly until after the vessel
had passed Erie, when a sudden squall
struck and rolled her over on her side,
when she nearly filled with water, but
continued to float. The crew, loosening
the vessel's yawl, jumped in, and
pulled for the shore, leaving the woman
in the cabin, as they supposed drowned.

The party landed at or near Portland,
Chautauque County, N. Y., and made
their way as best they could back to
Connetquot. Three days after the ac-
cident Capt. Wilkins, of the steam-boat
William Peacock, in coming down from
Detroit was brought by Capt. Appley
to board the wreck if he saw it, and if
possible get the body of his aunt out of
the cabin, and convey it to Buffalo.

Capt. Wilkins discovered the disabled
vessel drifting down the lake, and after
coming along side, Capt. William Hen-
ton, then first mate of the Peacock,
boarded the wreck and made search.

The schooner lay upon her side, and to
all appearances, was full of water. A
pole was employed and it was supposed
every part of the cabin was touched,
and no object in the shape of a human
body was felt, the conclusion was
reached that the remains had floated
out of the cabin into the lake, hence
further search was given up. Two days
afterward Capt. Appley, came down
with a vessel with facilities to right the
schooner and tow her into the nearest
port, the drowned woman's son being
along to assist in the recovery of the
body. The vessel was finally righted,
and when the cabin door had nearly
reached a level position, the woman
walked through the water and came up
the stairs upon deck. She was caught
by Capt. Appley and supported, while
her son wept and the sailors screamed.
Five days and nights had she been in
the water, while a portion of the time
she was up to her arm pits. She could
not lie down, and what sleep she got
was in that position, and all the food
she had was a solitary cracker and a
raw onion, which floated on the water.
She stated that after the vessel had cap-
sized and was abandoned by the crew,
she found herself alone in water waist-
deep. The cabin door was open but the
floor was two feet above it, and the sea
made constant changes in her position.
When Capt. Wilkins stopped she could
hear the boarding-party talk and walk
on the vessel, and although she used
her voice to its utmost to attract atten-
tion she could not make them hear.
She saw the pole thrust into the cabin
door by Capt. Henon and asked if she
should hold on to it and be pulled out,
but no answer, the Captain hearing no
noise other than the plashing of the
water, and having not the remotest idea
that the woman was there, alive or
dead. This event caused 40 years
ago, and I have never heard of a paral-
lel case either on the lake or other
waters, and her salvation from drown-
ing may be regarded as little less than
a miracle.

"Dear Frank—I'm sorry I can't do so
much for you; but I was angry at you calling
me stingy, and I promised myself I'd let
Charles Vallance, who is lame, as you
know, and hasn't any sled of his own."

Frank Dean looked up blankly.

Dot laughed maliciously.

"You've been opening other people's
letters, sir! This was not for you.
Look here."

He looked. Sure enough, the signa-
ture was "Phil Leeson."

"And here."

The envelope was addressed, "Miss
Frank Dean."

"But it's your writing?"

"Oh, yes. I often write Phil's letters
for him—lazy rogue!"

"I believe he did it on purpose."

Dot was suspicious of it herself.

"I'll go home and apologize to my
name-sake for opening her letter," said
Frank. "And the wedding's to be
Thursday a week, mind that!"

And it was.

Any one who has traveled on the
Mississippi during low water, has wit-
nessed the process of heaving the lead,
and will see where the "laugh comes in"
in the following, without much diffi-
culty:

The Fanny was coming down the
upper Mississippi loaded with pig iron.
As she was going over a shoal place,
the pilot gave the signal to heave the
lead. The only man forward at that
time was a green Irishman.

"Why don't you heave the lead?"

"I to heave the lead, your honor?
Where to?"

"Overboard, you blockhead!"

The Irishman snatched up one of the
pigs of lead and threw it overboard;
the mate, in endeavoring to prevent
him, lost his balance and fell into the
river.

The captain, running to the end of
the deck, asked: "Why don't you
heave the lead and sing out how much
water there is?"

"The lead is heaved, your honor,
and the mate's gone down to see how
much water there is," responded Pat.

An English and American Park.

The difference between the American
and the English parks is great. The
American park is more the production
of art, and is dotted over with notices—
"Keep off the grass," while the En-
glish park is simply a bit of woodland
landscape, and especially designed for
the rest and refreshment of the tired
citizen. Hyde Park, the fashionable
London resort, is as different from the
New York Central Park as well could
be. The greater portion of it consists
simply in open fields, thickly set with
grass, wherein visitors are allowed to
graze at will. It is simply a bit of na-
ture set in the city. Kensington Gar-
dens adjoin Hyde Park, and through
the entire length of the two, stretches
the fine avenue and fashionable drive
of Rotten Row. Kensington Gardens
have several fine avenues and groves
of gigantic elms; and with Hyde Park
contains only seven hundred acres—a
hundred acres less than Central Park.
Mass meetings are frequently held in
Hyde Park, notwithstanding the known
objections of the authorities, for whom
the people on such occasions show but
little respect. Their meetings usually
break up in a row. Imagine a mass
meeting in Central Park and the police
authorities about! With all its elabo-
rate adornments, its artificial lake, its
useless and costly bridges, its fairy-like
bowers and unsubstantial ornamenta-
tions, Central Park is not the pleasure
ground to those whose pleasures are few and
Hyde and other English parks are. It
was here that Hjalmar Hjorth, Boy-
sen's poor Norwegian, who fell asleep
from fatigue and hunger, was robbed
of his money and valise, and arrested
as a vagrant by the police.

Some ten weeks ago Jack Karmen,
foreman of the Hamburg mine, Nevada,
was on his usual round of inspection,
when his attention was called to a man
crawling out of an eighty foot deep winze
who fell fainting as soon as he reached
the floor of the drift. Jack rushed to
the man, found him insensible, and saw
at once that it was a case of foul air,
and it dashed across his mind that there
were more miners in the bottom of that
drift. To rush to another portion of
the mine and summon assistance, grab
a rope, hurry back and start down the
winze ladder was but the work of a
minute. Reaching the bottom he found
them lying in a stupor and insensible.
He attached the rope to the body of one
of them, sang out to the miners who
had gathered at the mouth of the winze
to haul away, which they did with a
will, and soon landed him on top. The
operation was repeated with the other
two, and then Jack, dizzy and faint,
climbed out, his temples throbbing with
pain, and very nearly overcome himself.

Some time ago Jack was working in
the Atlas mine, putting in a blast in
the bottom of a ninety-foot winze, in
company with a brother miner. Every-
thing being ready to fire it, his com-
panion lit the fuse, and both started up
the ladder, Jack ahead. He had climb-
ed about twenty feet when his partner
shouted that he was about to faint.
Without a moment's hesitation Jack
skipped back, and just as the man re-
laxed his hold succeeded in grabbing a
death grip to his shirt. It was a fear-
fully heavy burden, the man weighing
two hundred pounds; but, putting forth
all his muscular energies, he slowly
climbed the ladder round by round, the
insensible miner embarrassing his pro-
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and his progress seemed to be painfully
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ten feet of the top before the blast went
off—a sufficient distance to place him
and his load out of harm's way. Half
a dozen rounds more brought him to
the surface of the drift, where he de-
posited the man and fell exhausted
beside him.

Watches.

Watches were originally made of steel
and iron. No glasses were used until
about 1615, the cases being wholly of
metal and to admit of readily seeing the
time, the cover of the face was some-
times perforated in elegant designs.
Instead of the form now universally
adopted, various styles of casing were
employed, such as globular, octagonal,
circular, skull, coffin, acorn, pear,
melon, tulip, bird, and in fact, nearly
every imaginable shape that ingenuity
could invent or caprice suggest; and, as
a consequence of this and the fact that
many of those watches were provided
with striking movements, they were so
bulky that it was inconvenient to carry
them in the pocket, and they were
hung at the girdle with swivels so that
their faces could be readily turned for
observation without being removed
from their position. The hair spring
was not introduced until about 1658,
and was a great improvement on the
early watches.—About a century later,
the smallest repeating watch ever made
was presented to George III. of En-
gland. It was smaller than our silver
half dime, and only weighed five pwt.
seven and three-fourth grains, case and
all—the movement itself only weighing
two pwt. and two and one eighth grains.
It was necessary to make a set of min-
ute tools for its construction. For this
watch the manufacturer received a
present from the king of five hundred
guineas (about two thousand five hun-
dred dollars), and it is reported that
he was afterwards offered a thousand
guineas to duplicate it for the Emperor
of Russia, but he refused it, so that his
gift to the king might remain unique.—
A smaller watch than this, however,
formed a part of the Swiss exhibit in
the World's Fair of 1853, but this was
not a repeater. It was only three-six-
teenths of an inch in diameter, and was
set in the end of a pencil case. It not
only gave the hours, minutes, and sec-
onds, but the days of the month also.

An Incident of 1812.

Miss Rebecca Bates, now eighty-four
years of age, tells the following story
in relation to Cedar Point, Scituate
Harbor, Massachusetts. Her father
was Captain Simeon Bates; he was light
keeper at the time, and was the first
who lit the light, in April, 1811. In
the spring of the following year En-
glish cruisers were numerous in Mas-
sachusetts Bay, and on one occasion the
launches of an English frigate were
sent to Scituate Harbor. They set
fire to vessels at the wharves, and tow-
ed out two, at the same time threaten-
ing to destroy the town if any resist-
ance was offered. After this event a
home guard was formed, and detach-
ments were stationed on Cedar and
Crow Points, and in front of the village,
with a brass piece. When there was
no sail in sight, the guards were allow-
ed to go off to their farms. Nothing to
occasion alarm occurred again until the
following September. Rebecca, at that
time eighteen years of age, and her sis-
ter Abigail, fourteen years old, and still
living, were sitting toward evening
sewing with their mother. Captain
Bates and the rest of his large family,
and the guards were all away. Mrs.
Bates told Rebecca it was time to put
on the kettle. As Rebecca went into
the kitchen she for the first time per-
ceived an English ship of war close at
hand, lowering her boats. "I knew the
ship at a glance," she said. "It was the
La Hogue. 'O Lord!' says to my sister,
'the old La Hogue is off here again!'
What shall we do? Here are their bar-
ges coming again, and they'll burn up
our vessels just as they did afore." You
see, there were two vessels at the wharf,
loaded with flour, and we couldn't af-
ford to lose that in those times, when
the embargo made it so hard to live we
had to bile pumpkins all day to get
sweetening for sugar. There were the
muskets of the guards. I had a good
mind to take those out beyond the light-
house and fire them at the barges; I
might have killed one or two, but they
would have done no good, for they
would have turned round and fired the
village 'I'll tell you what we'll do,"
said I to my sister; 'look here,' says I,

you take the drum, I'll take the fire. I
was fond of military music and could
play four times on the life. 'Yankee
Doodle' was my masterpiece. I learned
it on the life which the soldiers had at
the light-house. They had a drum
there, too; so I said to her, 'You take
the drum, and I'll take the fire.' 'What
good'll that do?' says she. 'Scare them,'
says I. 'All you've got to do is call the
roll, I'll scream the fire, and we must
keep out of sight; if they see us they'll
laugh us to scorn.' I showed her how
to handle the sticks, and we ran down
behind the cedar wood. So we put in,
as the boys say, and pretty soon I look-
ed, and I could see the men in the bar-
ges resting on their oars and listening.
When I looked again I saw a flag flying
from the mast-head of the ship. My
sister began to make a speech, and I
said, 'Don't make a noise; you make me
laugh, and I can't pucker my mouth.'
When I looked again I saw they had
seen the flag, and they turned about so
quick a man fell overboard, and they
picked him up by the back of the neck
and hauled him in. When they went
off, I played 'Yankee Doodle.' As
not this heroine, who saved two ships
laden with flour, and perhaps other
valuable, from destruction entitled to a
pension? She has five brothers and
sisters still living, the eldest eighty-
five, and the youngest seventy-one.
Her grandfather was one hundred years
and one month old at the time of his
death.

A Brave Miner.

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